Wichita Eagle

MRS. WILVERTON'S BALL.

Mrs. Alison sat in her easy chair and tapped her foot impatiently as she worked. Mr. Alison paced the floor uneasily and frowned darkly. It was evident there was a storm brewing in the domestic atmosphere. Indeed, the first faint drops of the coming shower were already pattering down on the dainty dress Mrs. Alison was embroidering for her beloved baby.

"For pity's sake, Maud," broke forth her liege lord, "don't begin crying. Why can't you be sensible and look at the matter in a sensible way? It ought not to be so hard for you to yield to my wishes, when I have good reasons for asking you to do it besides."

"I don't know what you call good reasons," sobbed Maud Alison. "You don't know the Wilvertons that you should wish me to give up attending their ball—such a magnificent affair as it's going to be, too."

"That's the chief of my reasons—because I don't know anything about the family—neither for nor against them. But the man's face is enough to condemn him. I wouldn't trust him an inch out of my sight."

"You're as unjust as you can be," cried Mrs. Alison indignantly, "to say such unjust things about a stranger of whom you know nothing. I do believe you are jealous of him because he was so attentive to me at Mrs. Fitzgerald's party."

Mr. Alison whistled.

"Jealous! I should hope I wasn't quite such a fool. But I do think you are altogether too careless in taking up with people so rashly. You haven't known the family a month, and yet Mrs. Wilverton is as much at home here as if the house belonged to her. I don't like it, and I expressly desire that you will see as little of either her or her husband as is possible until something more is known of both of them. Especially do I wish you to decline their invitation to this ball. I don't want my wife known as the chosen friend of a pair of adventurers."

And having delivered this decision Mr. Alison walked out of the room.

Thereat his pretty wife was justly indignant as well as at what he had said. Anger had dried the tears upon her cheeks as she muttered: "Adventurers, indeed; as if that were possible! I am sure that Mr. and Mrs. Wilverton are as elegant and refined as any people of our acquaintance, and everybody says the ball will be magnificent, and everybody is going, too, and—and—so am I. I will not be deprived of every little pleasure I chance to care for because Fred chooses to dictate in that lordly manner. I shall go to the ball in spite of him; so, there!"

And the little foot came down with emphasis upon the soft carpet beneath it.

Thus it was that Mr. and Mrs. Alison so nearly quarreled this bright morning in early December. The Wilvertons had issued cards for a grand reception and ball, to which nearly all the elite of the town had responded favorably. Could Mrs. Alison decline? She did not intend to, at all events.

Yet it was with rather a failing heart that she penned her acceptance of the invitation and commenced her preparation for the great event. She had never yet in their pleasant married life acted so willfully in opposition to her husband's wishes. But this time she felt herself in part excusable.

"If he had asked me not to go," she said, half penitently, "I might have thought better of it, but I won't be commanded. I didn't marry to become my husband's slave, and I'll go to this ball if only to show him that I can think for myself and shall act as I choose, whether he objects or not."

You see, the little lady was fast working herself up to a very high pitch of virtuous indignation, and she was scarcely disposed to pay any attention to the faint monitions of conscience, especially when it dared to whisper that she was wrong.

The night of the ball came around at last, as all things do when patiently waited for. At breakfast that day Mrs. Alison had announced to her husband her intention of attending the ball.

"You are not in earnest?" he said.

"Indeed, I am," was the defiant reply. "My preparations are all completed, and Mrs. Leighton has offered me a seat in her carriage in case you persist in not escorting me yourself."

"I certainly shall not go," her husband answered firmly. "And I cannot believe my little wife will go without me," he added pleasantly. "Give me a kiss, puss, and when I come home this evening I trust you will have put all this nonsense out of your head. By, by!"

But his wife would not look at him when he kissed her, and stamped her foot angrily as the door closed behind him and she heard his careless whistle as he ran down the steps.

"I'm not a baby," she said to herself, "and I won't be treated like one. He shall find out that I can go without him."

And he did come to a realizing sense of the fact when he came to dinner that evening. Running lightly upstairs to their room, the first sight that met his amazed eyes was his pretty wife in full festive robes.

"Well, dear," she said with a slight affectation of unconsciousness that she was vexing him in the least, "you see I have decided to go, after all. How do you like my dress? I dressed early on purpose for you to see it."

Mr. Alison had stopped short as she spoke, with hands uplifted.

"Maud," he said in a vexed way, "what does this mean?"

"Have you forgotten so quick?" she answered lightly. "It is the Wilvertons' ball, you know. I told you this morning Mrs. Leighton had offered to call for me and bring me home again. Don't you remember?"

"I remember something you seem to have forgotten," was the cold reply; "that is that I did not and do not want you to go to this ball. Those Wilvertons are not fit people for you to associate with; of that I am certain. The town is full of rumors against them, and I predict that you will find but few decent people there to-night."

"What nonsense you are talking!" she said, genuinely surprised now. "Why, I know there are plenty of the best people going. I have scarcely met one who has declined the invitation."

"That may be," was the quiet reply, "but many now who have heard as much and more than I have will change their minds to-night, and keep themselves and their families away. Those who do go will be sorry for it, I am very sure."

"What terrible things have you heard, I should like to know?" she asked, half convinced.

"Only rumors, I own," he answered, "but they are bad enough. There was never so much smoke without a little fire. I"——

Mrs. Alison interrupted him with blazing eyes. "Rumors, indeed! You need say no more. I do not believe one word of it at all, and I shall go. That is decided."

"But, Maud"——

"I don't wish to hear any more. I am going."

And she went—went with Mrs. Leighton when she called for her—went with a smiling face and an angry, rebellious heart.

The Wilvertons greeted her with effusion. But there were very few of her set present; somehow the atmosphere seemed a different one from what she had been accustomed to. There were a number of strangers present, ladies and gentlemen. The former did not impress her favorably, and the latter seemed rather demonstrative in their devotions to the fairer sex. Mr. Wilverton made her uncomfortable, moreover, with his persistent attentions, and altogether she was not sorry when Mrs. Leighton proposed returning home. They went early, and most of their particular set followed in their wake—those, at least, who had not gone before.

Very little conversation passed between Mr. and Mrs. Alison that night—very little for some days thereafter. He considered himself justly agrieved, and was indignant accordingly. She felt herself in the wrong, was too proud to own it, and was miserable in consequence.

Meanwhile the whispers against the Wilvertons increased in number and importance. It began to be generally conceded that there was something wrong about them; and people who had taken them up on trust were gradually dropping their acquaintance. Mrs. Alison, however, prided herself on being no summer friend, and her intimacy with the Wilvertons seemed in no wise diminished; seemed, I say, for she was growing to dislike them both, as she saw more and more of them. Mrs. Wilverton's dashing ways seemed coarse now, and no words could tell how she was growing to loathe the man who grew more bold and outspoken in his admiration of her each day.

But the end was very near.

Mr. Alison came up to dinner one evening in a half subdued tremor of excitement.

"Maud, dear, I have news for you," he said, striving to speak calmly, but failing signally in the attempt.

Mrs. Alison looked up a little surprised at the "dear" which had fallen from his lips but rarely since that unfortunate ball, but, truth to tell, rather glad to hear it again.

"What is it?"

"It's about the Wilvertons. You see," he went on hurriedly, "there's been, as you know, a great deal of talk about them lately—more, perhaps, than you are aware of—and people haven't scrupled to call them adventurers, if not swindlers. It seems that they are even worse than that."

"What?" cried Mrs. Alison sharply.

"Criminals! At least the man is. He was arrested this morning by a detective from London, who has been on his track for some time. His very boldness in coming here and launching out in the style he has, under an assumed name, and with all the appearance of great wealth, had thrown the police off the scent for a little while, but they have got him now, and he's safe for a twenty years' term at Portland island, at least."

"What has he done?" asked Mrs. Alison.

"Perhaps you will recognize his real name—it is Willis"——

"The notorious bank robber?"

"The same."

Mrs. Alison did not speak for many minutes. Then she remembered that she had been, or had tried to be, a friend to Mrs. Wilverton. She could not desert her now that so terrible a sorrow had fallen upon her.

"Will you ring the bell for Lucy?" she said to her husband very quietly. "I want my bonnet and shawl. I am going to see Mrs. Wilverton. She ought not to be left to bear this trouble alone, and I know of no one who will go to her now."

Mr. Alison stared, amazed. Even he had never realized half the real nobility that despite her faults was inherent in his wife's nature. She had risen now, and was standing very pale and still by the table. He went to her and put his arms around her and drew her head down to his breast.

"My noble Maud," was all he said.

She clung to him sobbing.

"Oh, Fred, you do forgive me for treating you so badly the other night?" she pleaded. "I'm so sorry now."

"I need forgiveness, too, darling, for having been sullen," he answered earnestly, "and we will both forget and forgive. Shall it not be so?"

She lifted her face and kissed him softly.

"And poor Mrs. Wilverton, Fred! Will you not go with me to see her? I do not like her really, though I have tried to, but I cannot leave her to bear this alone."

Mr. Alison held his wife in a close clasp.

"I had not told you all, dear," he said. "There is no Mrs. Wilverton, or Willis, as her name would be if she had any right to bear the name of the man she has lived with all these months, and who, if reports say true, ruined himself and committed the robbery to gratify her extravagant demands."

"Fred!" and Mrs. Alison's face grew very pale, "you don't mean that she"——

"Was not his wife," he answered sternly.

It was a severe lesson, not only to Mrs. Alison, but to the people of Bolton who had admitted these persons into their society without question, simply because of the lavish display of wealth they made, and it is safe to say a thoroughly effectual one.

Moreover, there are few differences of opinion between Mr. and Mrs. Alison nowadays. She is more willing to take his opinion of people as a correct one, and he has learned his wife's heart too well not to trust her motives always, if he sometimes doubts her judgment.—New York World.

To Stop a Spasm.

There are many affections associated with breathing which can be stopped by the same mechanism that stops the heart's action. In spasm of the glottis, which is a terrible thing in children, and also in whooping cough, it is possible to afford relief by throwing cold water on the feet, or by tickling the soles of the feet, which produces laughter, and at the same time goes to the matter that is producing the spasm and arrests it almost at once.—Herald of Health.

A curious custom prevails among the bridesmaids of Silesia. Each bridesmaid plants a twig of the bride's myrtle wreath immediately after the ceremony and watches and tends it until it roots. The first twig to show signs of life and growth is supposed to bring good luck and a husband within the year to the girl who planted it.

Palpitation of the Heart.

An excessive palpitation of the heart can always be arrested by bending double, with the head down and the arms pendant, so as to produce a temporary congestion of the upper part of the body. If the respiratory movements be suspended during this action the effect will be only the more rapid.—Hall's Journal.

A GREAT STALLION DEAD.

Electioneer, the Sire of Sunol and Many Other Equine Wonders.

The great stallion Electioneer died recently at Palo Alto, Cal. He was foaled in 1868 at the Stony Ford stud, Orange county, N. Y., and was bred by Charles Backman. He was taken to Palo Alto in 1876, and during the ensuing fourteen

ELECTIONEER.

years of his life he sired more 2:30 and 2:20 trotters and more young record breakers than any stallion in the turf's history. Governor Stanford himself is credited with having said that Electioneer never got a horse that could not have beaten 2:50. A turf writer who examined the Palo Alto records found that 65 per cent. of Electioneer's get trained at that famous stud had beaten 2:30 under the watch.

Electioneer was the get of those two world famous horses, Hambletonian and Green Mountain Maid. He never raced and had no record, although horsemen generally believe he could have beaten 2:30 with proper training. Some of his best known get sold for high prices: Sunol, nearly $60,000; Bell Boy, $51,000; Anteo, $30,000; Antevolo, $30,000; Phallas, $15,000; Chimes, $12,000; Norval, $15,000. Other noted equines of his get were Palo Alto, 2:12¼; Bonita and Sulsin, 2:18¼; Hinda Rose, 2:19¾, and Fred Crocker, the 2-year-old that made a world's record of 2:20¾. It is said Electricity, one of Electioneer's sons, will succeed him in the stud.

ONE MAN'S WEDDING.

HE SPENT THE FIRST NIGHT DISTURBING THE SQUIRE.

A Short Courtship and a Peculiar Marriage—Disappearance of the Bride—Her Remarkable Statements When Found by the Groom—Peace at Last.

Wednesday morning, as Justice Griswold was opening his office, a well dressed man walked up to him, and with some hesitation said, "If I come back in about an hour will you tie a knot for me?" The squire comprehended at once what he meant, and told the would-be Benedick that if he wanted a marriage ceremony performed he could accommodate him. The stranger said that was the situation, and a few minutes later took his departure. At about 9 o'clock he returned with a lady who appeared to be about 25 years old, and when the couple left the office they were man and wife.

The 'squire thought nothing more of the occurrence, but at about 11 o'clock Wednesday night some one rang the door bell at his house, 985 Cedar avenue, in a very vigorous manner. Every one about the house had retired, but after a little the dignified justice appeared, robed in white, and bade the late comer announce himself.

"I am the man you married today, and I want to see you right away on important business," came a voice on the outside. 'Squire Griswold opened the door and invited the man to enter. "My wife has left me and taken $500 of my money," blurted out the newcomer. He was told to explain himself, and after a little hesitancy said: "My name is Lockhard, and I live in Indiana. I came to this city to testify in a suit for damages brought against the Valley railroad. While here I became acquainted with Miss Rosa Dain, and after a little courting I proposed and was accepted. Then we were married by you. Directly after the ceremony I was called to give testimony in the common pleas court.

WAKING UP THE JUSTICE.

"My wife and I had arranged to leave for my home in Indiana as soon as the case was finished, and before leaving her I gave her $500 with which to make some purchases. I was on the witness stand seven hours, but the minute I was excused I went in search of my bride. She was not at her boarding house, and the landlady said that she went away at about 11 o'clock in the morning and took her trunk. Now," he continued, "what am I to do? My wife is gone, and she has got my money."

"Have you endeavored to find her?" inquired the justice.

"Yes, but I don't know where to look," replied the husband of a day.

"Well, what do you want of me?" queried 'Squire Griswold.

"Why, I thought that you would swear out a warrant for her arrest," said Lockhard.

"That will keep until morning," answered the justice, "and now I want to go to bed."

Mr. Lockhard took the hint and departed immediately. Justice Griswold turned off the gas and sought his bed, but he was not destined to have a long nap. At about 2 o'clock the door bell was set to ringing again. The 'squire afterward said that something told him Lockhard was at the other end of the bell wire and he was, therefore, not greatly surprised upon opening the door to be confronted by the newly married Hoosier. Nevertheless he was not prepared to meet two police officers and a sobbing woman, and was startled when the quartet filed into the hall.

"This woman says that she is not my wife," spoke up Lockhard.

"Yes," said one of the officers, "this man found her, and called upon us to take her to the police station. She was willing enough to go, but declared that there was some mistake. At the Fourth precinct police station Lieut. Thompson thought we had better come here and have you settle the matter."

The 'squire put on his eyeglasses, turned up the gas, and then looked at the woman critically. Without hesitation he said:

"I married this couple yesterday morning."

"I never saw you before in my life," answered the woman promptly. "I already have one husband, what do I want of another?"

SETTLED AT LAST.

This appeared to astonish Lockhard, and he reproached the woman in bitter language.

"I don't know you, sir," she replied haughtily.

"Give me back my money, and I will agree not to prosecute you," almost shouted the now nearly frantic man. The woman regarded the speaker with disdain, but did not reply. Justice Griswold made some remark about the interview coming to a close, and the party left. That is the last the 'squire saw of Lockhard or his bride.

When approached by a reporter Lieut. Thompson, of the Fourth precinct police station, said: "I believe that the couple came to a settlement. After Lockhard, the woman and the officers returned from Justice Griswold's house, and I learned without a doubt the woman was Lockhard's lawful wife, I was disposed to arrest her, but he did not appear to desire that, and begged of the woman to give him back his money and acknowledge herself his wife. She obstinately refused to do this, but finally he persuaded her to take a walk with him, and they returned in about fifteen minutes, and he announced that everything was all right and that his wife had been laboring under a mistake. They went away together, and Lockhard appeared to be as happy as though nothing had happened."

"How old was Lockhard?" asked the reporter.

"He appeared to be 45 years, and he was fine looking," replied the lieutenant. "He told me that this was his first experience in marrying, and further assured me that it would be the last."

Nothing more could be learned concerning the affair. Where the bride lived or what her antecedents were could not be discovered. Lockhard is a railroad man, and, it is said, is quite wealthy. It is believed that he returned to Indiana with his wife.—Cleveland Leader.

A Clever Literary Woman.

It is but fair, when counting up the successful women writers of today, to reckon the author of "The Anglomaniacs" in the southern contingency. Mrs. Burton Harrison, although for years a resident of New York city, is essentially a Virginian. She is a direct descendant of the Thomas Jefferson family, and has several brilliant professor cousins now occupying chairs in the Washington, Lee and the University of Virginia. In girlhood she was known as "Lovely Connie Cary," with as much wit and good looks and charm enough of manner to have endowed a whole country side of belles.

Mrs. Harrison has been uniformly successful in her literary efforts, but it remained for this last and unsigned story to bring her supreme success. Her name now ranks among the first feminine writers of the day, and much brilliant work from her pen is anticipated. As with all clever women, Mrs. Harrison has her pet fad. This fancy takes the very satisfactory form of collecting rare old silver. Having an unusually fine assortment of heirlooms, she has amassed, piece by piece, many priceless specimens of antique cups, jugs and urns, with odds and ends in the same precious metal picked up in this country and abroad.—Illustrated American.

RATHER PARTICULAR.

If He Had Been a Kicker He Might Have Complained.

"I'm rather particular about my celery," he said to the waiter who took his order at a Dearborn street restaurant. "Bring me only the small stalks, and see that they are perfectly bleached."

"Yes, sir."

"And see that there are no specks in the potatoes. I won't touch a potato that has a speck in it. I am rather particular about my potatoes."

"Yes, sir."

"When you bring me the broiled fish see that it has had the skin and fat all removed. Don't bring me any except the upper part of the body. Cut away all the tail."

"All right, sir."

"Hold on a moment. I'm rather particular about my bread. I don't want any of the end pieces, and I don't want any of this cigar shaped bread with a thick crust, either. Bring me square bread, in thin slices, cut from the middle of the loaf."

The waiter went back and returned in due time with a tray full of eatables, which he unloaded on the table.

"Take back this potato," said the guest, "and bring me one that has no specks. I've got no time to dig the specks out of potatoes. I told you about that."

The potato was changed, and the waiter asked him if everything was right now.

"No," he answered. "This bread is not cut from the middle of the loaf. Take it away and bring me what I ordered."

The bread was accordingly changed.

"All right now?" inquired the waiter.

"No! You've got some celery here that isn't properly bleached. Bring me the kind I ordered. And hold on! There is a piece of skin on this fish. Take it back. I told you I was particular about my fish."

The celery and fish were removed and brought back again in a few minutes with the objectionable features eliminated.

"Is that all right now?" asked the waiter.

"I guess it will do," growled the guest, as he began to eat, "but if I was a kicker I'd kick about this fork and spoon. They don't exactly match."

A Dangerous Calling.

The public has but an inadequate idea of the danger to which the ordinary trainmen are exposed. Accidents to them are occurring every day in the year, and it is only when the results are made known that the real condition of things is seen.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, according to statements made at the recent convention in Los Angeles, now numbers 14,057 members, an increase of 600 during the past year. It was stated, however, that the organization has branches not only in the United States but also in Canada, Ireland and Sweden, so that the actual membership in this country does not appear from the figures above. Sad and impressive evidence of the dangerous nature of the trainmen's occupation is given in the statement that during the year 275 disability and death claims to the amount of nearly $275,000 had been paid, and that of the total number of claims over 200 resulted from railway accidents, and of these 130 deaths were caused in coupling cars.

It is distressing to think of the suffering and death daily occurring as the result largely of the great variety of couplings in use, and it must be admitted that there is a crying need of a rapid improvement in this matter by the adoption of some uniform style of coupling which will be both efficient in service and safe in handling.—Kansas City Sun.

Managing a Boy.

Mrs. Spriggs—How careful your little boy is of his health! My boy is constantly running out in all sorts of weather without overcoat or shoes, no matter what I say. How do you manage?

Mrs. Briggs—When my boy catches cold I give him cod liver oil.—New York Weekly.